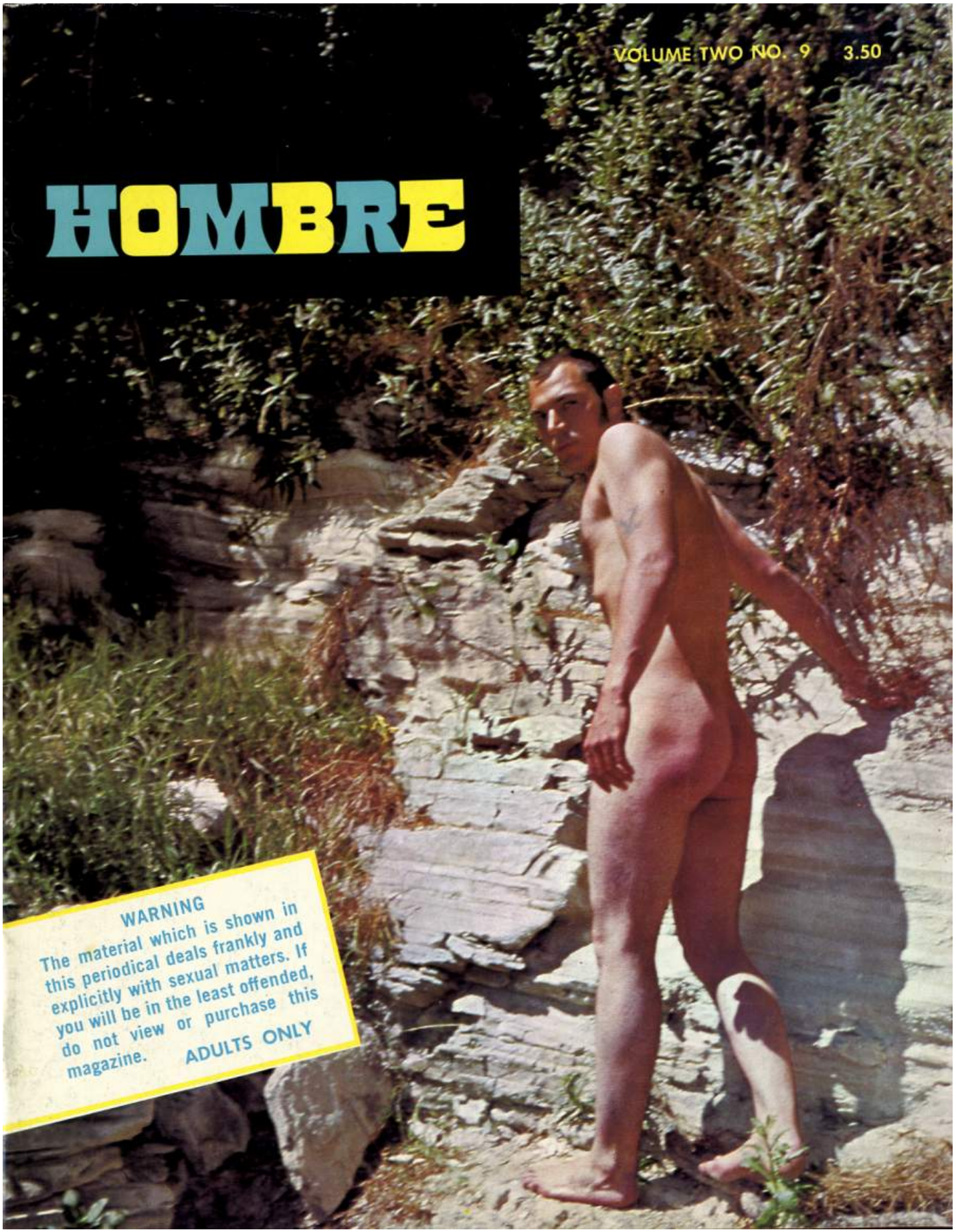
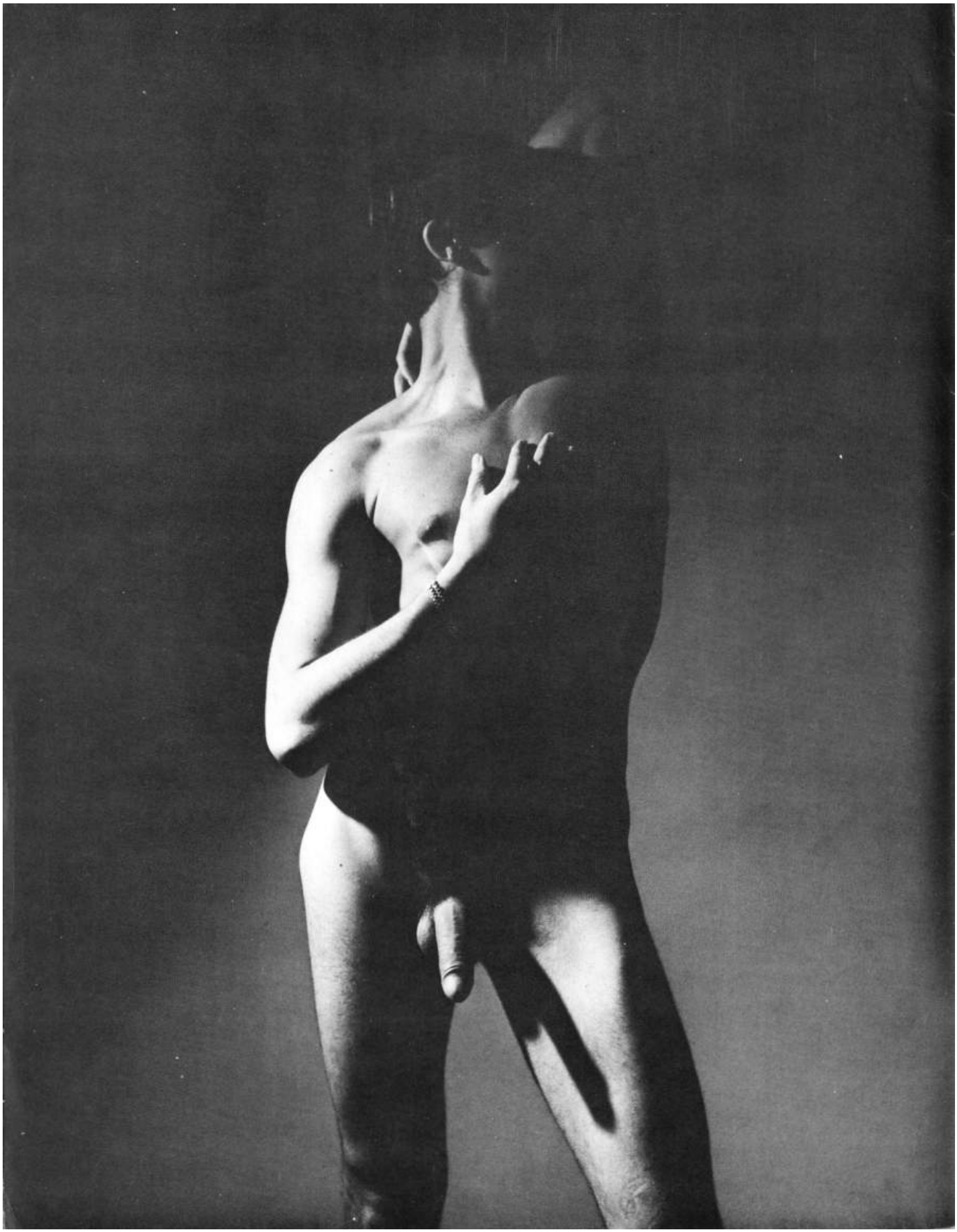
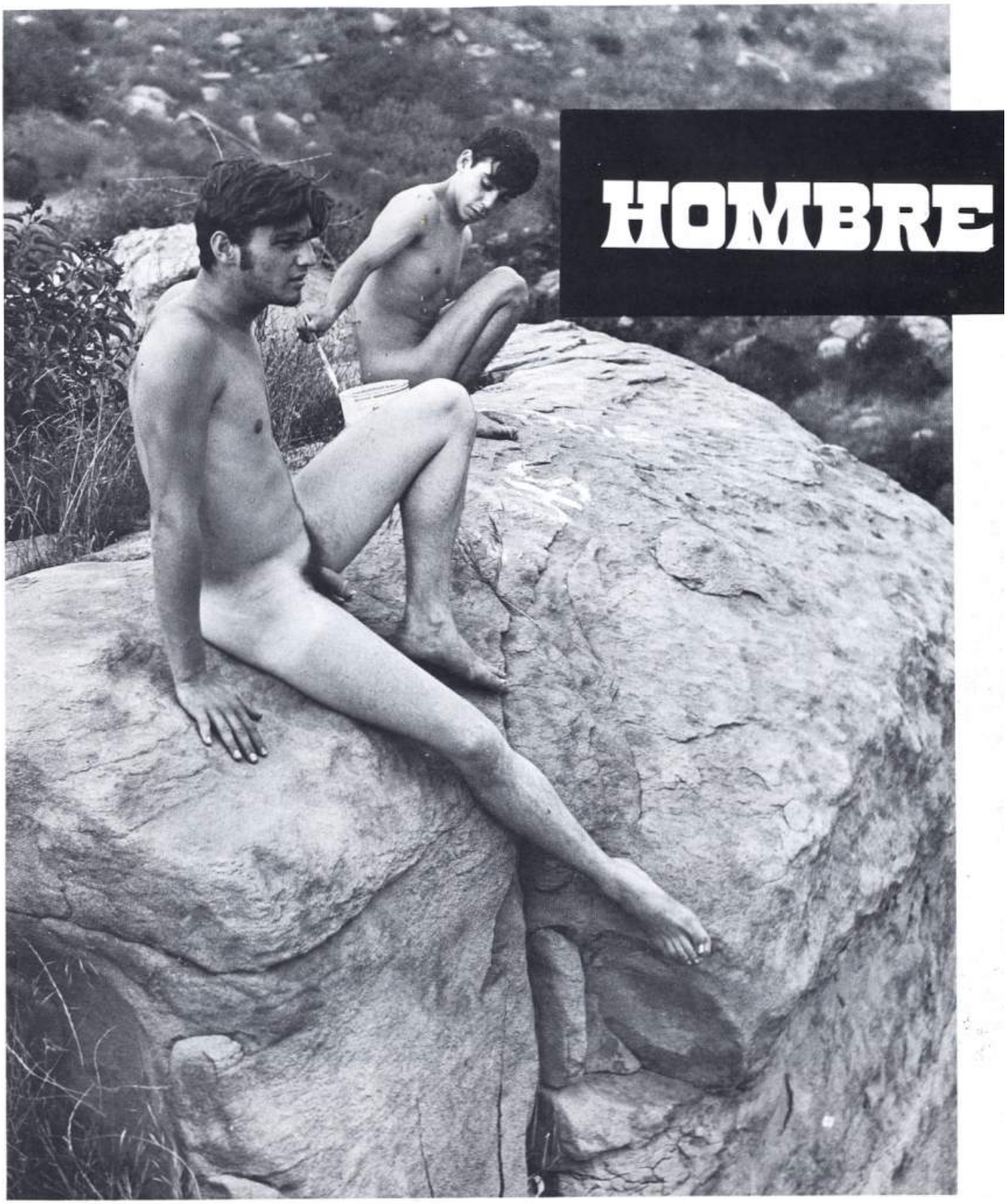

VOLUME TWO NO. 9 3.50
HOMBRE
WARNING
The material which is shown in this periodical deals frankly and explicitly with sexual matters. If you will be in the least offended, do not view or purchase this magazine.
ADULTS ONLY



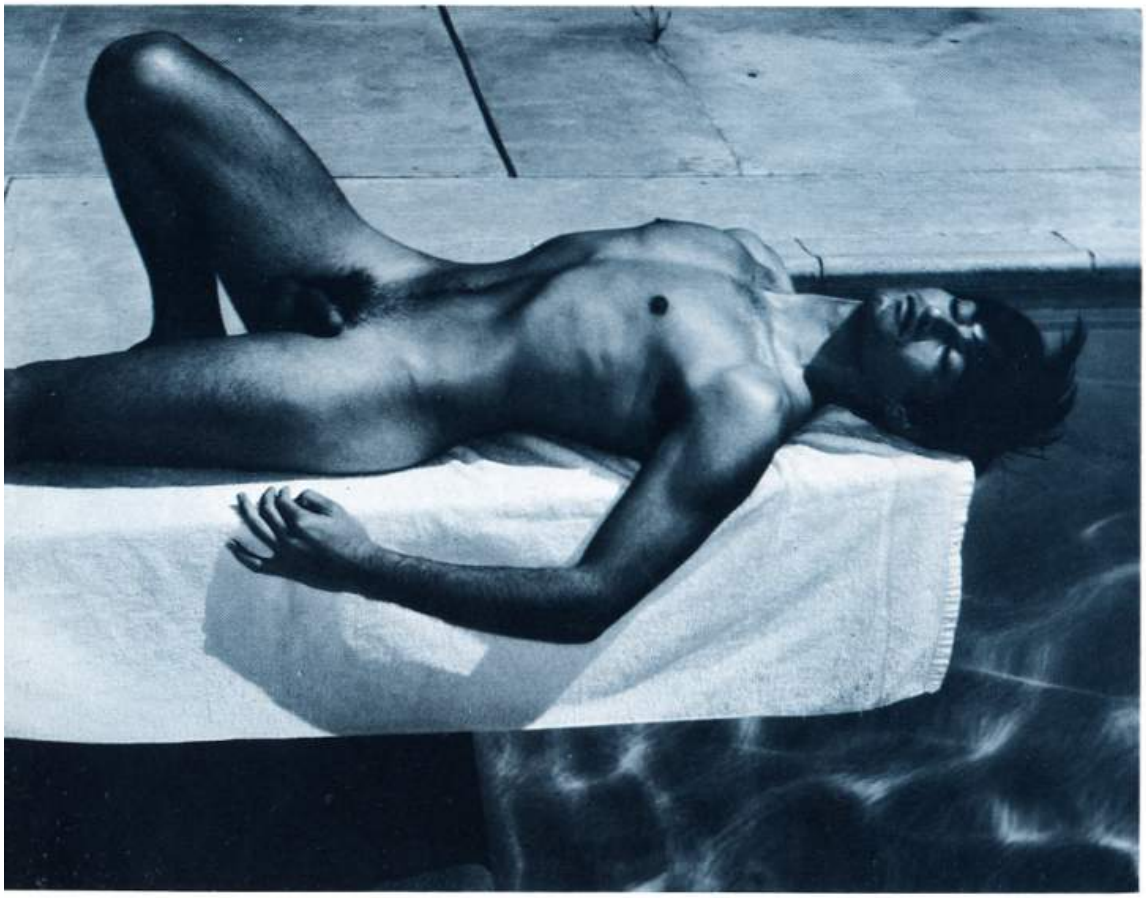
HOMBRE

VOL. TWO NO. NINE

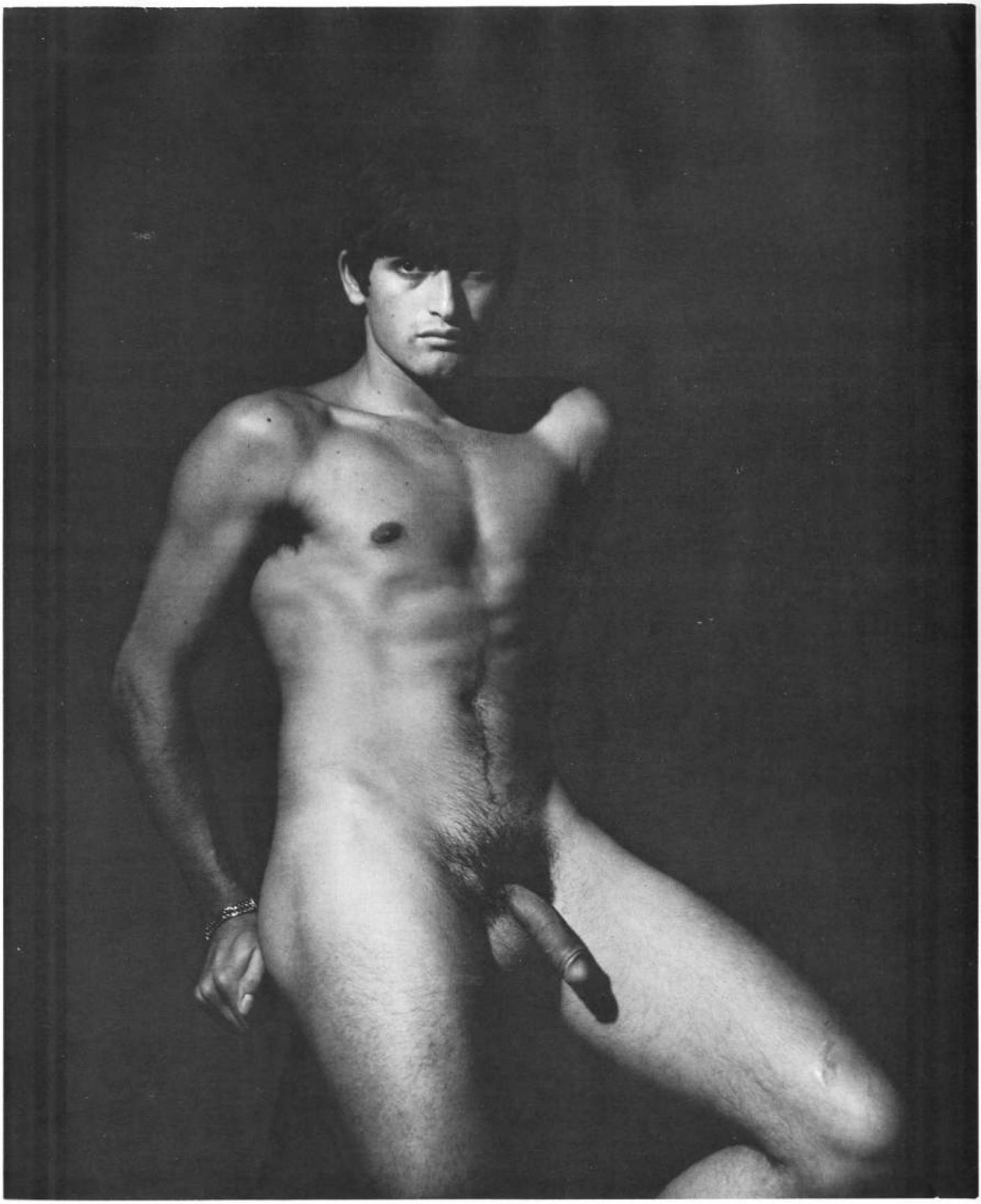
Hombre 1973 is distributed nationally on a quarterly basis. No subscriptions accepted. This magazine is produced to portray today's social scene. Males shown are not models, they are authentic consenting homosexuals. Coronado Publishers, P.O. Box 2516, Toluca Lake, Calif. 91602

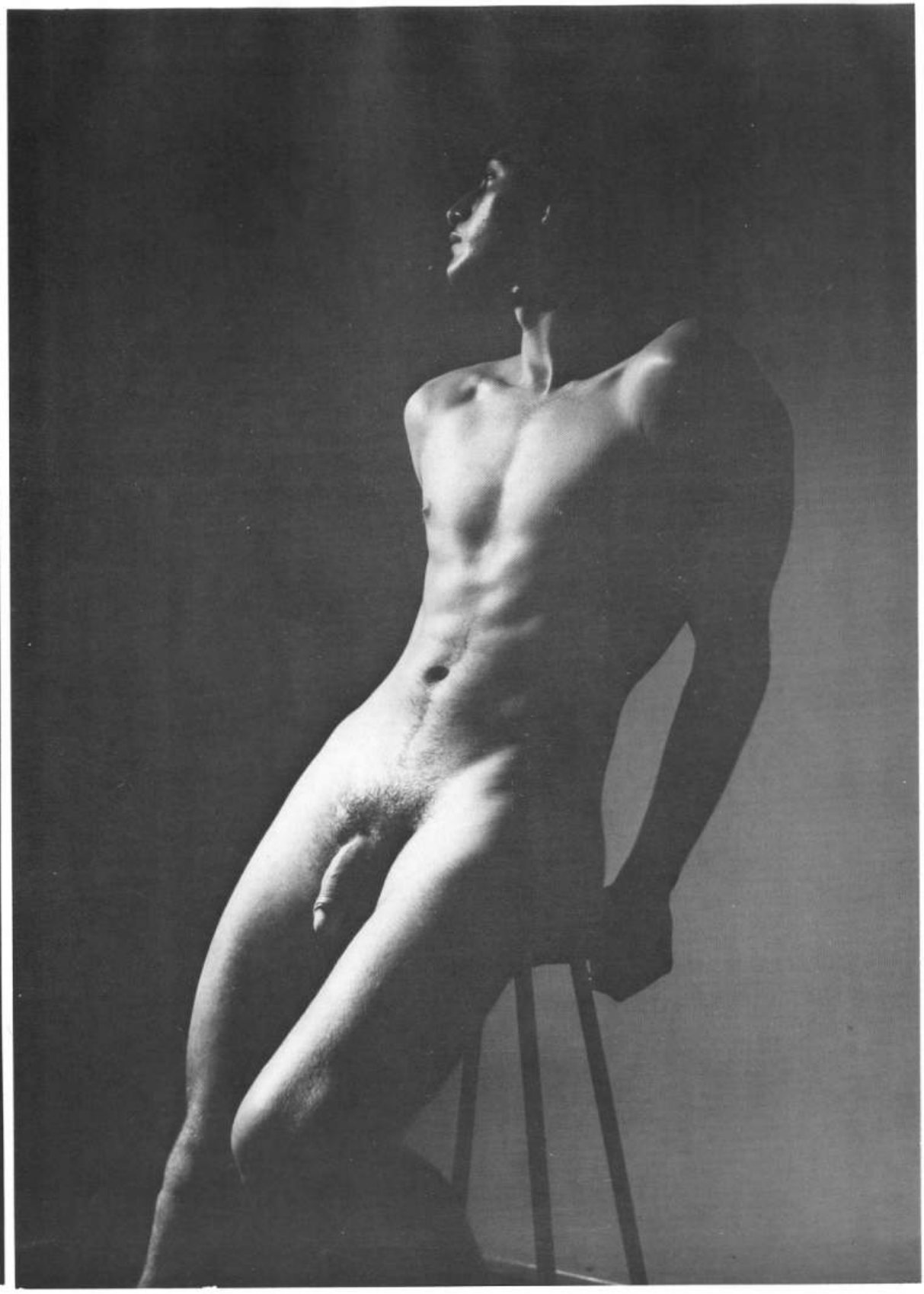

HOMBRE

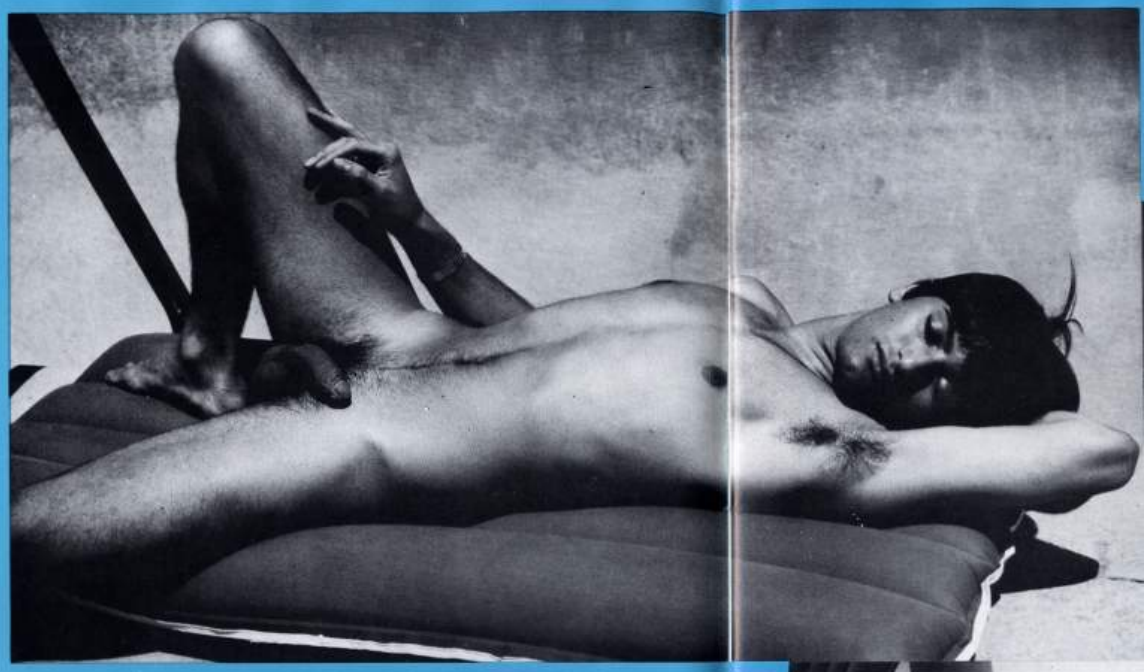
MANUEL



POOLTIME!



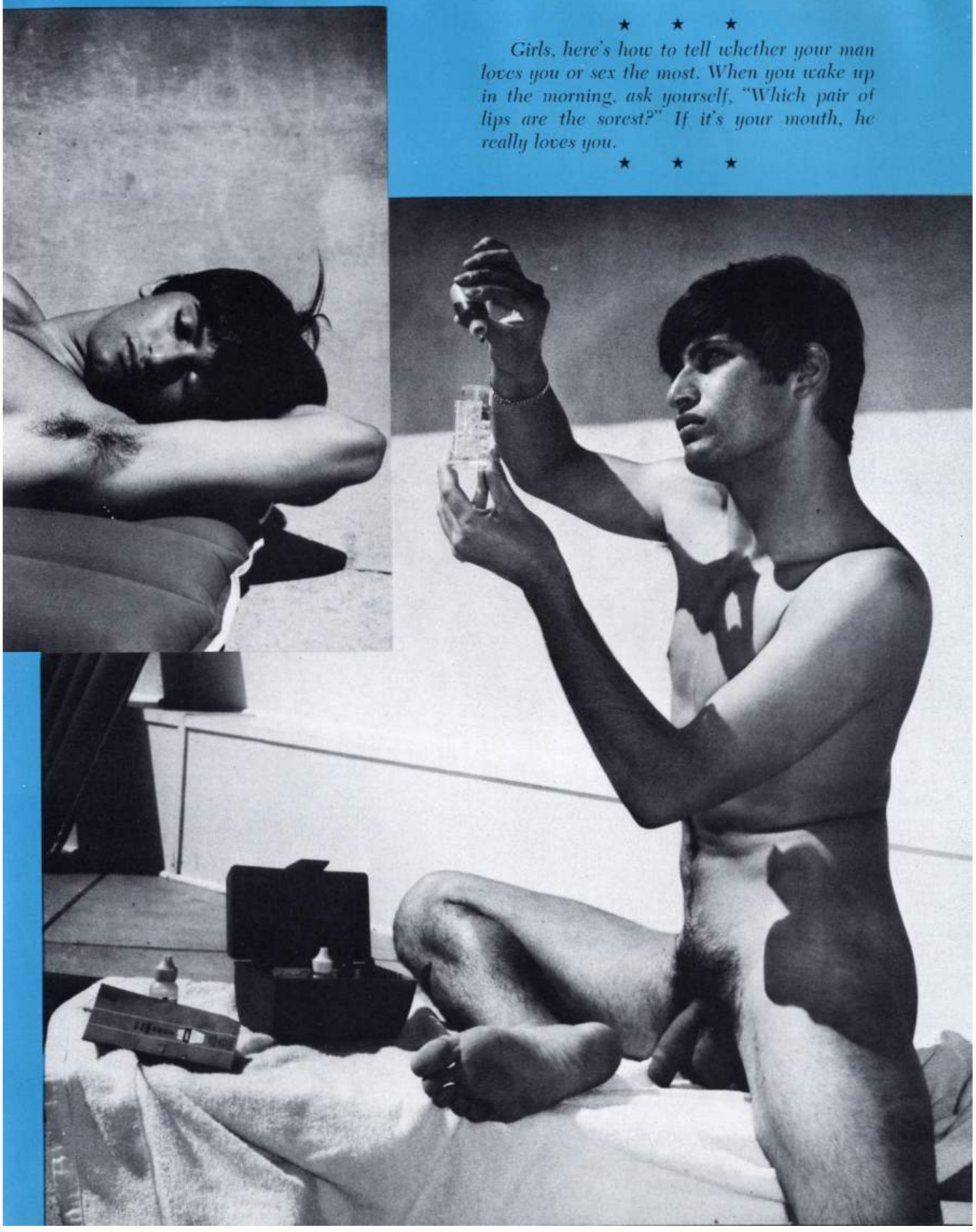




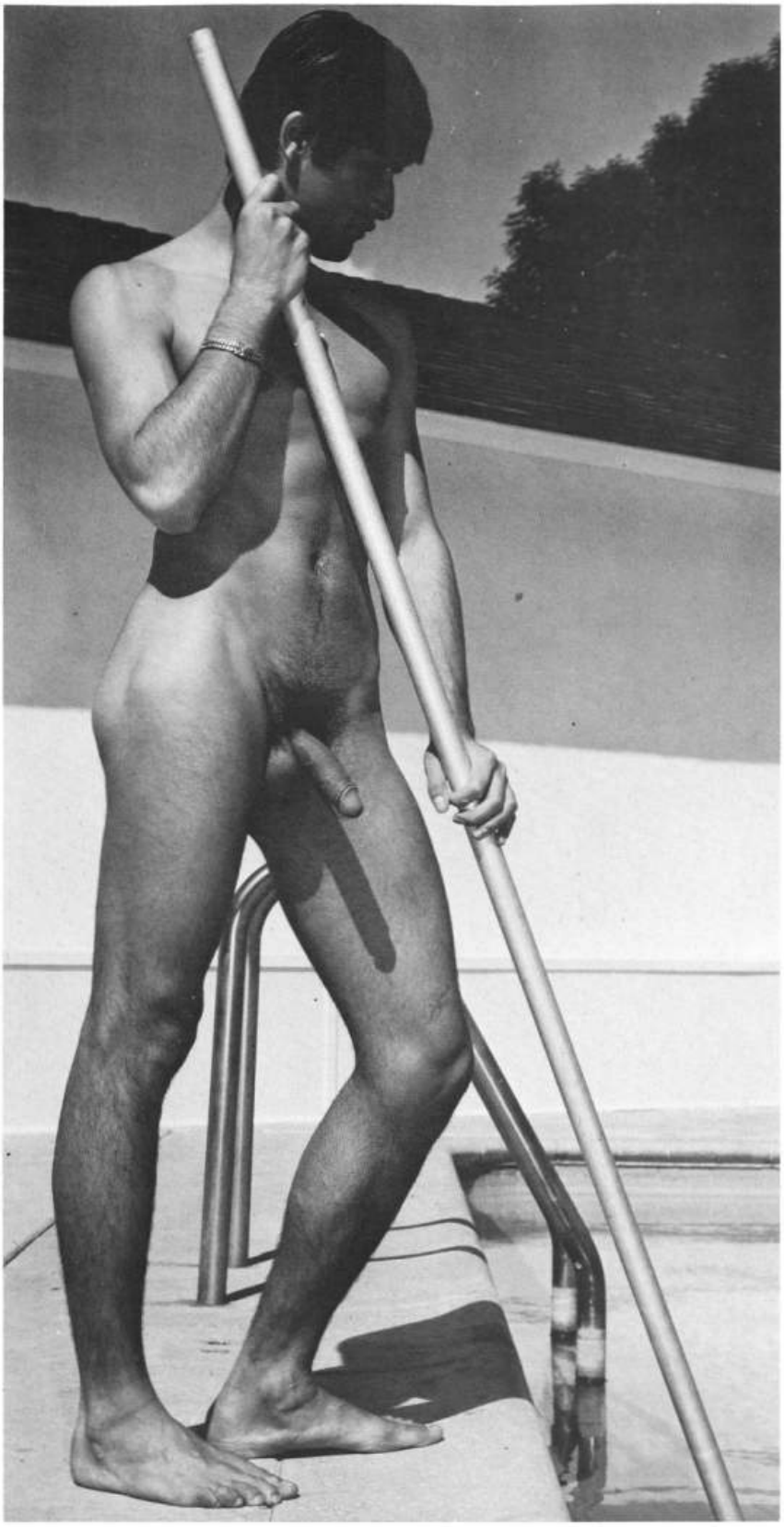
★ ★ ★

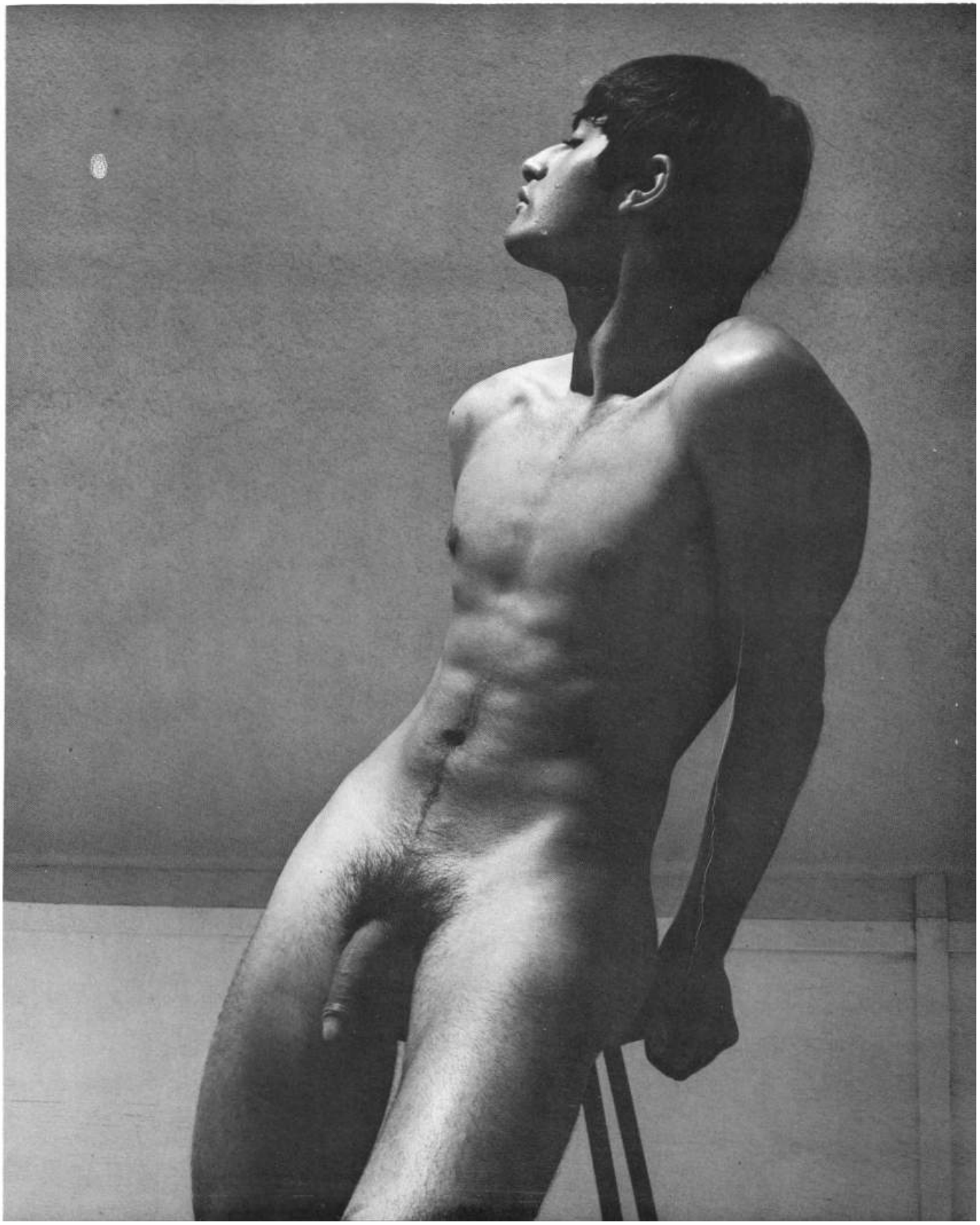
Girls, here's how to tell whether your man loves you or sex the most. When you wake up in the morning, ask yourself, "Which pair of lips are the sorest?" If it's your mouth, he really loves you.

★ ★ ★



LOVER

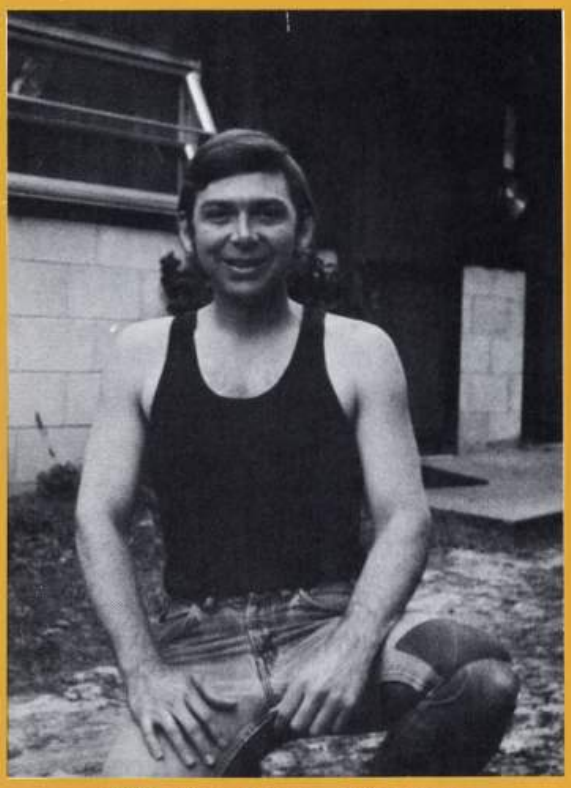




**EVERY NUMBER OF "HOMBRE"
WILL FEATURE THESE PERSONAL ADS.
WATCH FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF "HOMBRE"**

HOMBRE AD$

620S. Leather boy wishes to meet docile type for hairy parties. Can travel in east coast region. Mail particulars for prompt answer. Jersey City.



622S. Dixie Bikers: Butch young Levi guy, 5'8" — 145, would like to meet rugged, brawny, hairy-chested, "Big-brother" biker for weekend trips to AMA races and events. Need initiation into the S & M Scene. Recent photo, please. Atlanta, Ga.

619S. Have body — will share. Please let us get acquainted. Like intimate groups. Fellas with gourmet taste buds. Hurry . . . "When you're hot you are hot." Sacramento area.

Guide and Instructions:
All the ads listed by confidential code. You will be assigned a code number. Your name and address will never be used in an advertisement. All letters received by us will remain unopened and forwarded as soon as possible. Our advertisers are authentic but we do not guarantee replies from advertisers.

We cooperate with the postal authorities and observe the regulations and statutes and therefore we expect our advertisers to do likewise. It is in the best interests that you observe all local, state and federal regulations.

It is illegal to send obscene letters & obscene photographs through the mails.

How to place your ad in the Hombre Magazine:
Advertisements are $1.00 per ad for each intertion. HOMBRE has the right to edit all copy submitted for ads and can reject any ad that will not conform to standards. Please use form below to place your AD in "HOMBRE" MAGAZINE.

HOW TO PLACE YOUR AD IN "HOMBRE" MAGAZINE

1. Write your letter and place it in an envelope.
2. SEAL the envelope. Unsealed letters will NOT be forwarded!
3. Write your name and return address on the front side of the letter in the upper left hand corner of the envelope. If we cannot forward your letter for some reason, we must know who to return it to. We will not open any of your letters! All correspondence is personal between you and the advertiser that you are writing to.
4. Write The Confidential Ad number of the advertiser that you are writing to on the front side of the letter in PENCIL in the center of the envelope.
5. Send a loose 8 cent postage stamp for each letter to be forwarded. If you wish your letter forwarded "via airmail," simply send an airmail stamp.
6. Enclose ONE DOLLAR (cash or money order) for EACH letter you wish mailed to an advertiser. Your letter will be forwarded the SAME DAY it is received in our office.
7. Place your letters to be forwarded in a larger envelope and address it to: "HOMBRE" 4242 Lankershim Blvd., North Hollywood, Cal. 91602.

I, the undersigned; hereby represent that I am over 21 yrs. of age, that the photo sent to you is in fact an actual photo of myself and that the data included in my ad is true and correct. I hereby give you my consent to publish my photo and advertisement in the HOMBRE MAGAZINE or any other publication as you see fit in connection with the HOMBRE MAGAZINE for promotional purposes. It is understood that you may edit or rewrite my ad at your sole discretion. I understand that no proofs of photos or ads will be supplied for my approval and I waive all claims respecting accuracy or reproduction of either due to mistake or technical failures. I understand that HOMBRE MAGAZINE is in no way responsible for any transactions between myself and any person or persons I contact through the magazine.

NAME _____

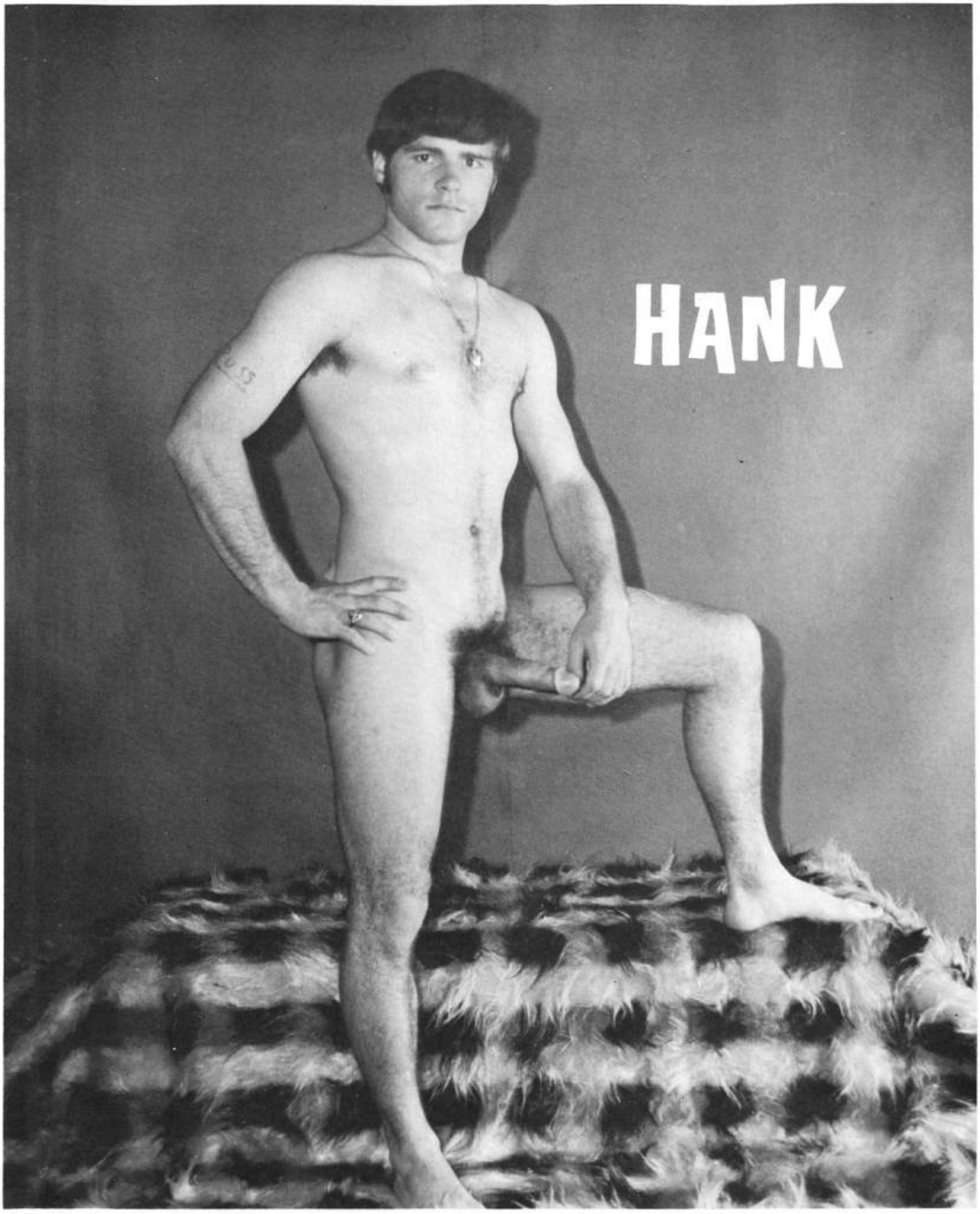
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

I certify that I am over 21 years of age. Signature required with your remittance. Make check or money order payable to INTERNATIONAL SWINGERS JOURNAL.

SIGNATURE _____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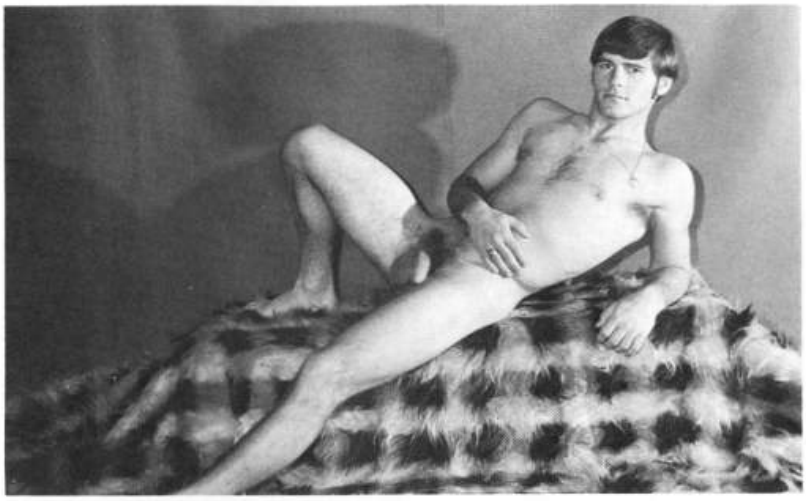
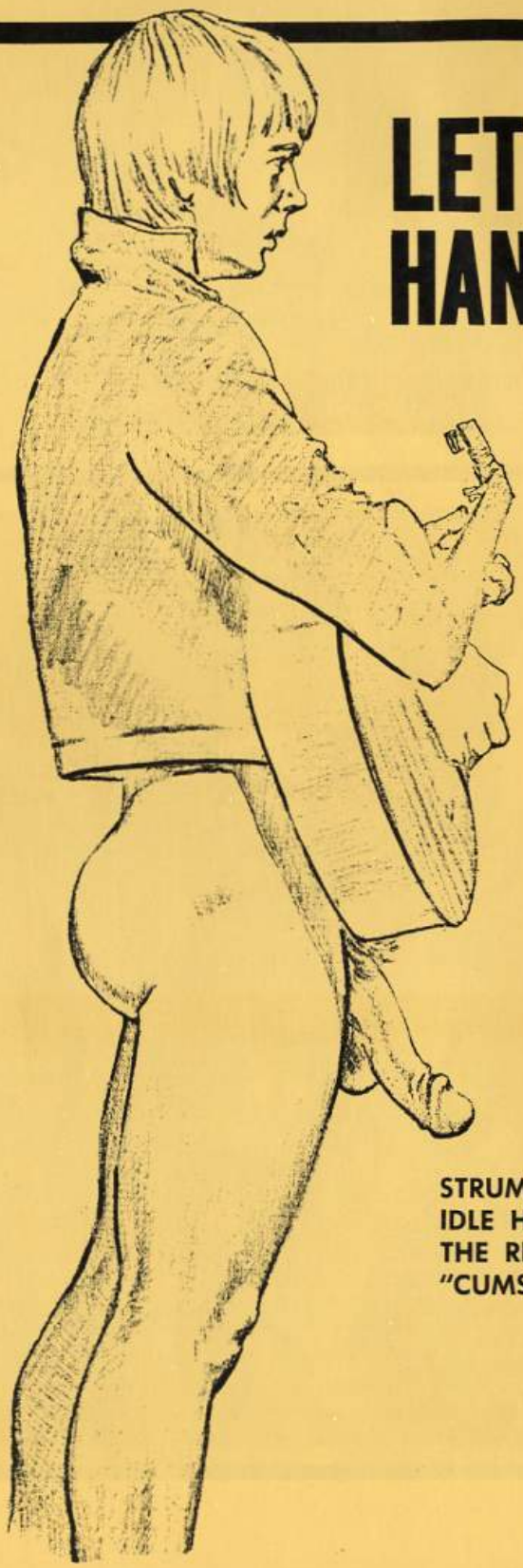
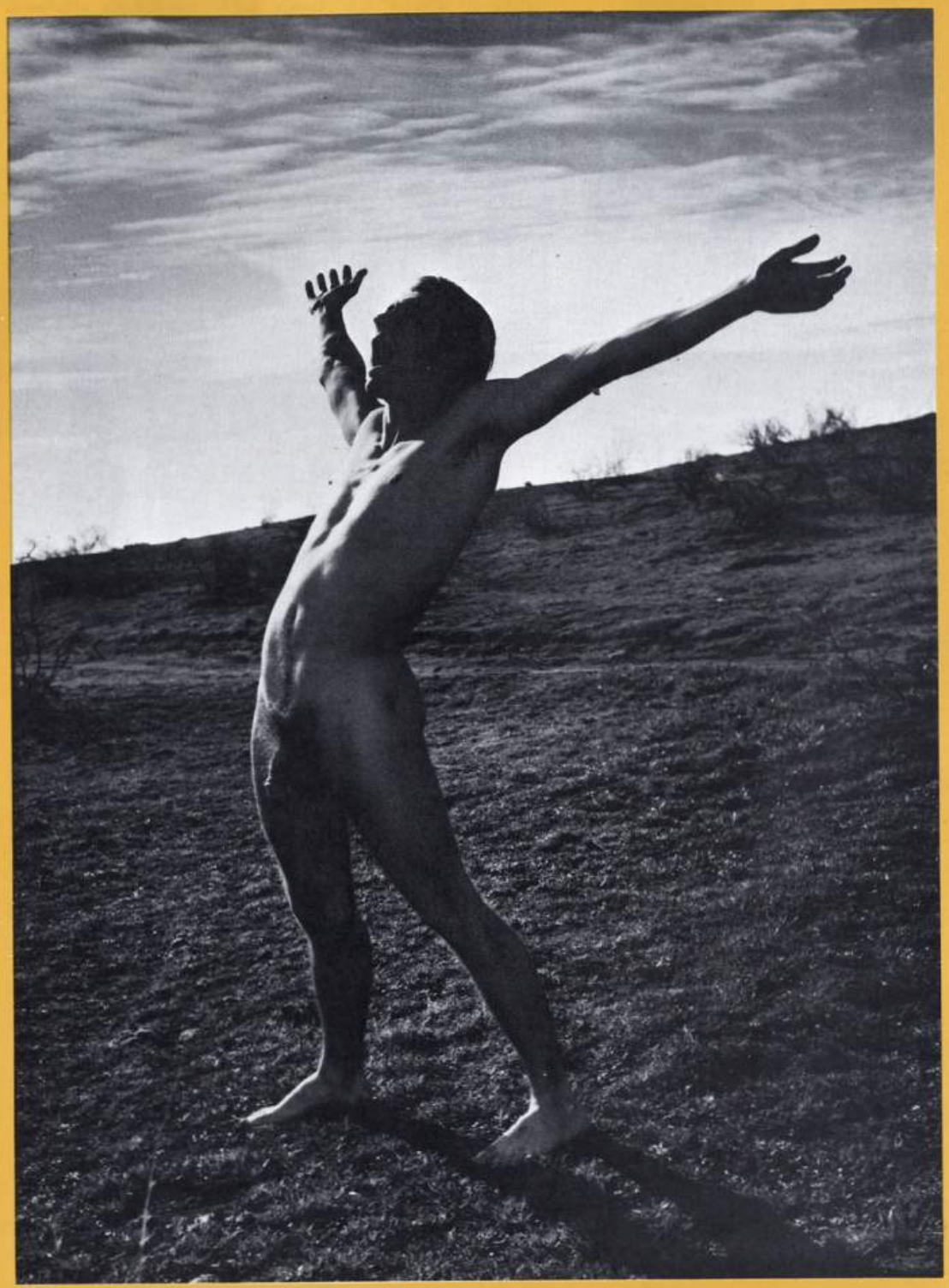


LET IT ALL HANG OUT!



STRUM AWAY
IDLE HOURS 'TIL
THE RIGHT MATE
"CUMS" ALONG

THE OPEN SPACES MAKE
FOR BENT-UP MUSIC.
EASY RIDER SANS CYCLE!



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fabulous new **JiG-SAW**

Sexclusive STUD Selection

$3.50 postage paid

Buy-Rite, 4242 Lankershim Blvd.,
North Hollywood, Calif. 91602

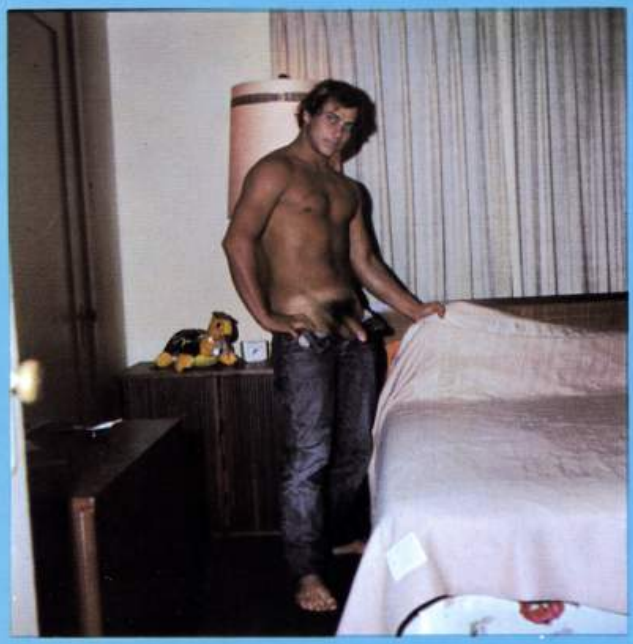
Gentlemen,
Enclosed find $_____ (cash, check or money order) I am over 21 years of age.
(Please allow two weeks for checks to clear.)

Name_____

Address_____

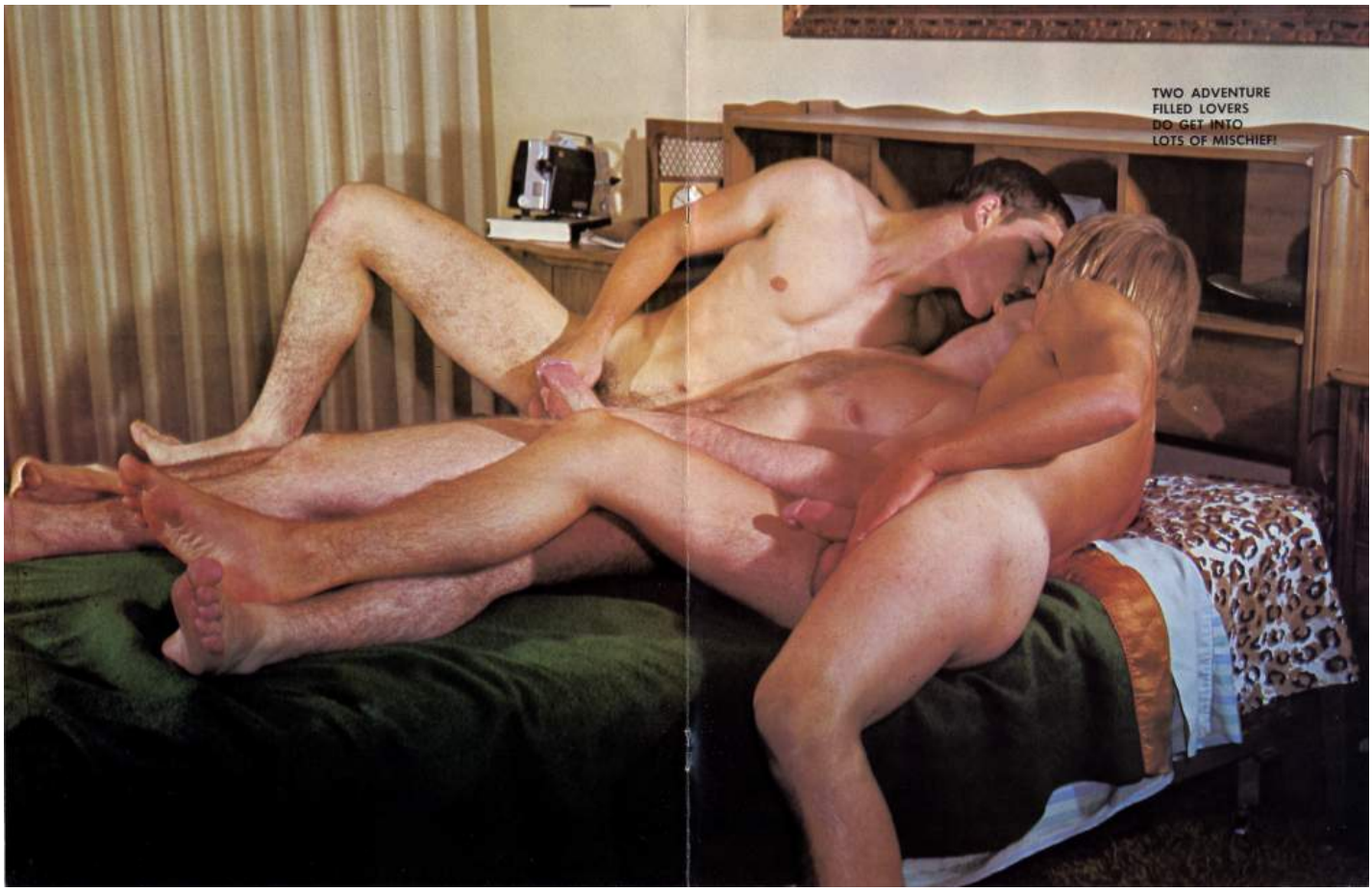
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Foreign and Canada add $2.00 for postage.

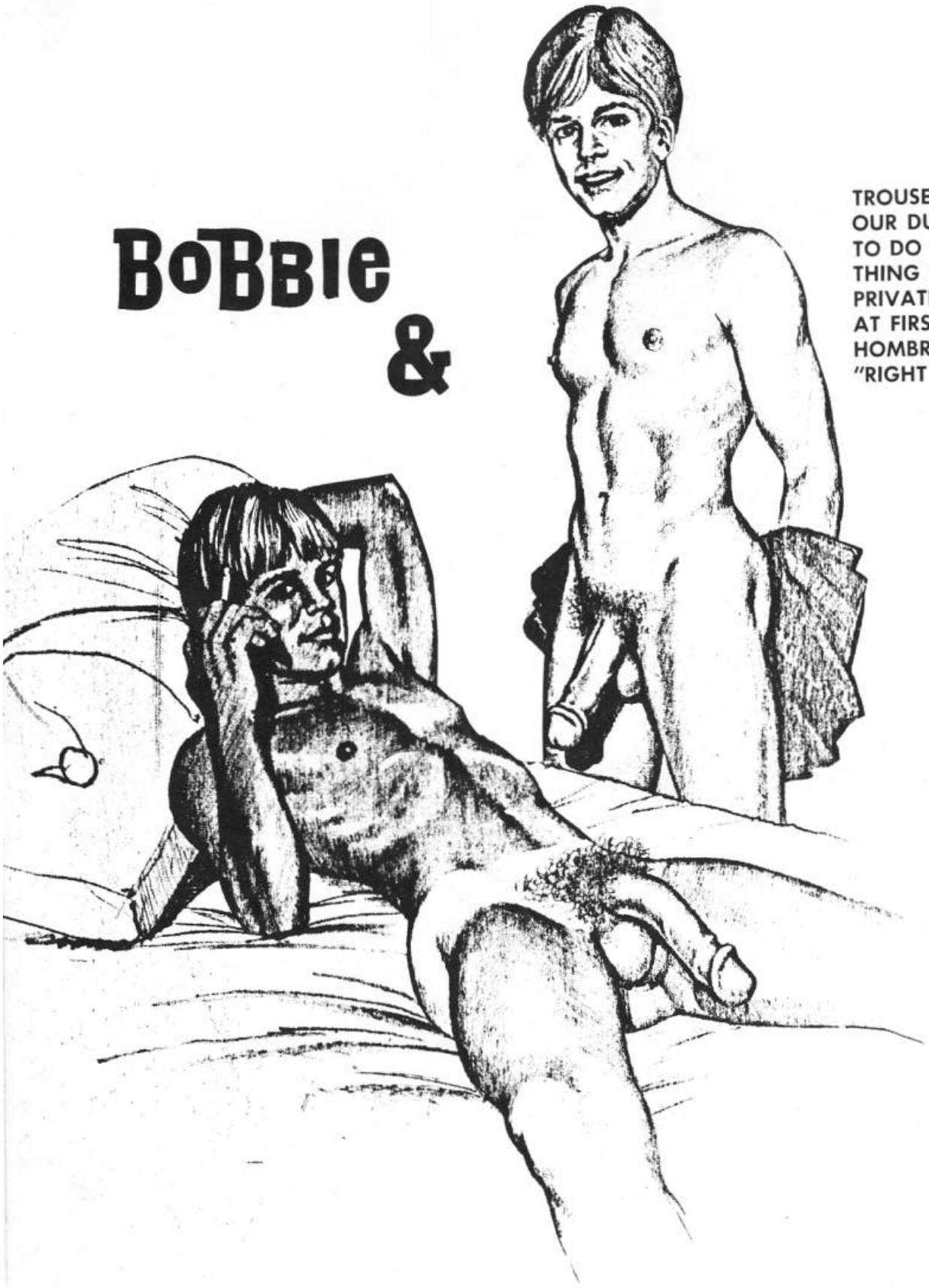


DAVID O'BOYLE

David is a native Californian. Just turned twenty-four. Dave loves to do acrobatics. His high school life was a series of competitions. Winning more than his share. David is on the road most of the time. If you can latch onto this guy . . . you are in for a treat!


TWO ADVENTURE
FILLED LOVERS
DO GET INTO
LOTS OF MISCHIEF!

BOBBIE &



TROUSER ROMP. OUR DUO LIKES TO DO THEIR THING IN PRIVATE. LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT. HOMBRE SAYS, "RIGHT ON"

MORT

A FICTION STORY
WITH "HOT LICKS"
BIG THINGS ABOUT
TO HAPPEN!

"THEN DO YOU WANT TO GO FOR A DRINK, OR TO MY PLACE?"

A thick fog had settled over the park where Ron, who was dressed like a prince, sauntered about in a detached frame of mind. He went towards the pickup area which was wooded and bushy in the park just off the bend in the asphalt path. There he saw a soldier standing by himself, leaning against a tree trunk. Ron glanced at him with mixed emotions of surprise and haughty tenderness.

When the soldier knew he was being observed, he smiled in a somber, splended way. Their eyes had penetrated each others in that kind of stare that made the soldier feel that Rod had looked inside of him. Ron's heart fluttered and he continued on down the path; then durned back to gaze again at the soldier who now was looking in another direction. On his sleeve was the rank of sargeant which to our prince appeared like a weapon of authority. It made him swoon to see this blonde military man. The maleness of him gave the feeling that everything had been drained out of him. Ron felt a shortness of breath and helplessness. He was hypnotized because of the soldier's curly hair and his tight collar and the fact of the uniform and its authority. Then his eyes were riveted on the soldier's have opened fly which made Ron dizy with desire.

He cut through the bushes as if her were searching for a lost article, all the while hoping the soldier would speak. As he came closer the soldier turned around suddenly and stood silently before him like a tower. A touch of pride made Ron silent. The soldier spoke up, "You are very little... very young."

Our prince felt fear and found himself whispering, "No, not really. I lost something here the other day."

"Oh, I bet you did. I hope you do again."

"So?" He said this with a bitter tone, thinking the soldier was now too aggressive, too fast.

The soldier was demanding: "I'm not here just to fuck around."

Ron answered at once in a terse way. "I didn't come her to fuck around either.'

"Then do you want to go for a drink, or to my place?"

"I don't know"

The soldier now continued speaking using a rough tone. "Do as you like. Are you going to stay, or not?"

Faintly Ron replied, hardly recognizing his own voice, he knew it was meek. "I'll stay."

The soldier moved closer to Rod. His hard on was showing. Ron could see the bulge. The soldier came close and Ron felt his hand instinctively clinging to the males arm as a protection against the soldier's violence. The soldier stood firm, his mouth against Ron's ear in the heat of passion. He allowed Ron to finger the stripes on his arm and Ron, in doing this, felt frailer and a little sad. He was trembling in anticipation.

In order to feel more natural, and to deceive his own nervousness, the soldier ran his tongue over his lips as he hugged his arm around Ron's shoulder. Ron felt it laying there contented, broad and heavy. It was like the heavy weight of a prick.

In spite of the cold fog and dampness of the park Ron's anxiety and his own tormented fear thrilled him. He shivered. The soldier felt this and suddenly brutally pressed against him. His smile faded then for a few moments. He seemed to hesitate, to wait for an inspiration, then he became more confident and decisive. "You're good looking, I like your mouth. Really, I got to have it. Take my cock," he said freeing Ron's shoulder from his playful grip. He started stroking at the bulge in his pants with the palm of his hand.

Ron's glands between his thighs were working intensely. He slipped his fingers into the opening of the soldier's fly, feeling his prick wrapped up like a coiled snake in his briefs, damp and hot with sweat.

The soldier's voice was husky with passion: "Oh, I want you. Oh, I got to have you now. No one is here. I could take you to my place but I can't wait."

There was ten seconds of silence and groping before Ron could answer. "Oh, it's okay.

HAVE YOU SENT IN FOR YOUR GAY JIG-SAW PUZZLE?

LAYING DOWN WITH A TREMENDOUS SIGH, HE SLIPPED DOWN HIS KHAKI PANTS . . .

Why not here?" "It's getting dark here. I mean I want to fuck you in the ass."

"I'm not afraid."

"Then it's okay?"

"Do as you like."

The soldier was breathing heavily. He scowled impatiently and blurted out, "You know I want to say it... you want me to say it... you bitch, suck my cock first." The end of the sentence trailed off for want of breath he was so excited.

The soldier forced himself to break away to find a place. Laying down with a tremendous sigh, he slipped down his khaki pants which formed a thick heap at his manley calves and ankles. Ron admired his still prick and his ass that was crushed against the grass. The skin was white and had the luster of two large pearls. In the hazy fog that covered them they laid beside each other, their two heads against each other cheek to cheek. Their mouths met in a hungry, passionate kiss, their tongues searching for unknown treasures in the warm wetness.

The soldier spoke softly in a begging voice, "Come let me do you first in the ass." He moved aside, stripped Ron of his clothes, grabbed the cheeks of his ass and raised him slightly so his cock might have a straight course to follow without any undue strain on him. "Relax, baby, relax," he said in a soothing voice.

"I don't care, shove it in," Ron pleaded, his ass now quivering with intense pleasure. Slowly, tenderly the soldier pressured his cock into Ron's ass. When four inches of his thick cod was imbedded in that grasping, tight hole, he stopped further entry and slowly moved from side to side, allowing Ron's lacerated hole to acclimate itself to his invading cock.

The pain was momentary and Ron felt it quickly replaced by blissful sensations. Ecstatic impulses coursed through his body. They both had their orgasms together and lay back on the cool grass. It was getting colder. They buttoned up and moved away from the park. Ron felt the pressure of his soldier's hand on his arm directing him to safety.

The soldier and Ron had coffee in a truck driver's stand. Ron's eyes looked up to the bulky uniform across from him. He could not believe what happened. It had been so perfect. These meetings with men sere sudden and always followed by a sense of disappointment. Ron longed for the man to stay, but with the sadness of knowing that the soldier would drift away and he would once again be left alone, and the eternal search would be on again made him sad. The search that never ended.

The soldier paid for the coffee. He was now relaxed... satisfied. Ron on the other hand felt a mild discontent. Something now was going out of his life. He stayed in the booth while the soldier was at the cash register. He seemed now in a gurry to rid himself of Ron. The soldier now returned and felt Ron clinging on to him in an emotional way. Out of a fake politeness he lingered with him. Ron was aware of the soldier's attitude and he suddenly felt violated. What he could take as an insult changed to more sadness.

The soldier's attitude produced a desire to leave him, it would happen again the same way, for when the male desired him he was helpless to the suggestions they offered.

As they got up and strolled outside, and the second they had left the entrance, the soldier turned to Ron.

Already Ron felt an invisible distance from him.

Ron spoke softly, "I hope to see you around again. I live very close to here and perhaps..."

"No, I won't be stationed here after Thursday. But maybe some other time."

A little bit too eager and awkwardly, Ron exclaimed, "I will be here... around, you know... in the park. I will be here... just look for me."

They now parted in silence.

BUILDER UPPER

Don't feel bad because you're small,
And your rewards are few.
Remember that the mighty sperm
Shoots from a nut like you.

* * *

BUMPER STICKER

"Help Preserve Wild Life.
Throw An Orgy Tonight."

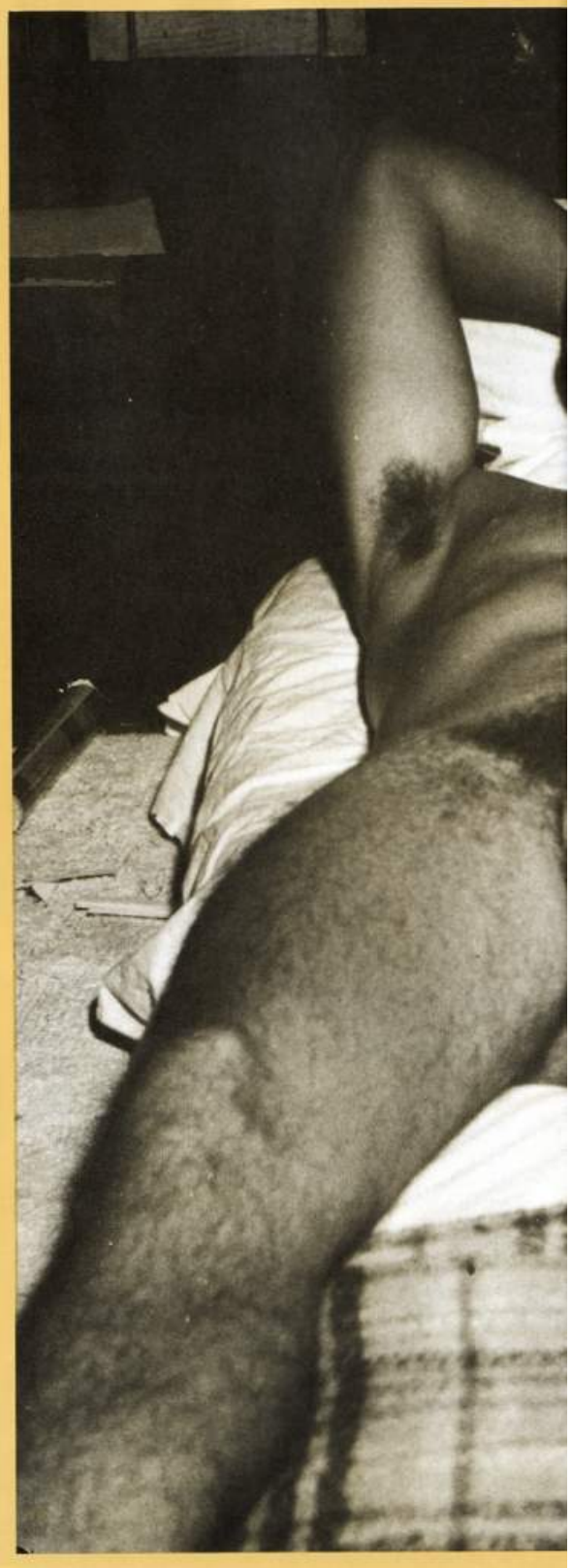
* * *

KiP aND PeRRY

IT TAKES TWO
TO TANGLE.
WARM BODIES
TO MELT AND
FUSE INTO ONE.

KEEPIN' HOUSE IS
FUN FOR OUR
BOYS. NAKED
HAPPINESS!

Peter B. Long's wife walked into her husband's office unexpectedly, and found Pete and his secretary in the process of removing their clothing. The guilty pair were stricken dumb and motionless at being caught under such compromising circumstances, but the girl was finally able to bend over and reach for her dress, which lay on the floor near her feet. Pete's wife moved forward quickly and kicked the garment out of her grasp. "No, no, my dear," she said with a wry smile. "I want you to continue undressing. You see, for twenty years that bastard I married has been calling me a dirty name, and I'm curious to see what one looks like!"



MATTRESS CAPRICE!

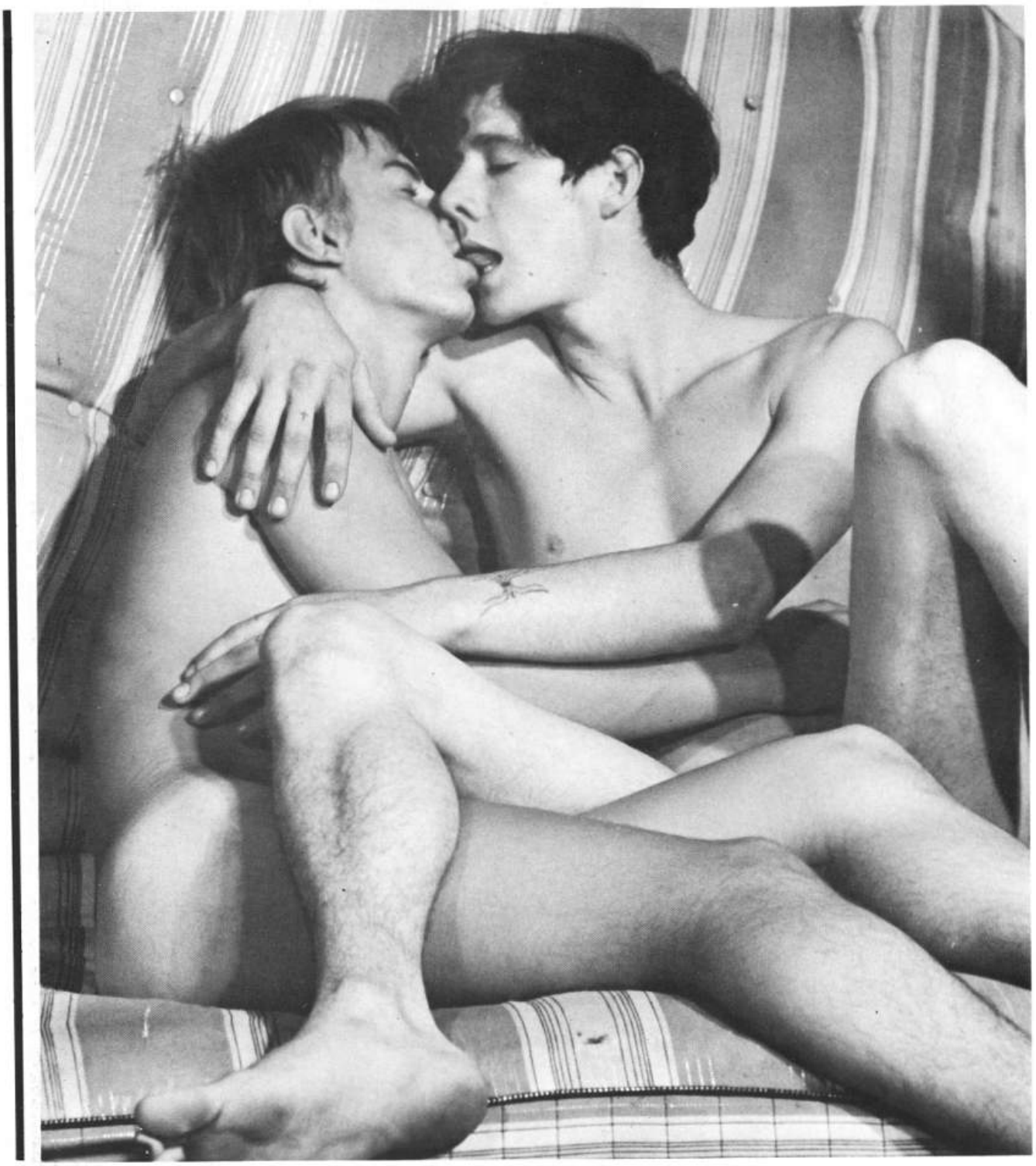
GaY FUN!

SHOWER TIME CAN BE FROLIC TIME!

WE SHOW YOU
THE HARD FACTS

THREE FOR A

PRiVaTE ADULT HaPPeNiNG!



TWOSOMES MAKE FOR COMPANIONSHIP INDOOR OR OUTDOORS . . . IT'S FUNSVILLE!

CHET AND

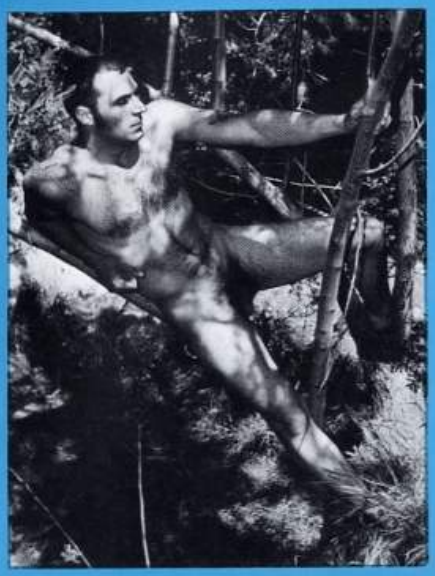
MORRIE

HAVE YOU
SENT IN
FOR YOUR
GAY JIG-SAW
PUZZLE?

HOMBRE SHARES SOME VERY SPECIAL PEOPLE WITH YOU, OUR LOYAL READERS.

JOHN HIRSH

BURT GALLAGHER



WILFORD SEVERSON

MANNY KHOL

★ ★ ★

A GI in the Central Highlands of Viet Nam came up with the Viet Virus and his C.O. wanted an explanation. He said, "Sir, we were on the road, and this guy and broad came along. He kept telling me how he had a Number One Girl, and how I was a Number One GI, and seeing as how we have this Pacification Program going on, I didn't want to offend the people. So I guess you might say I kind of went in the hole for my country."

★ ★ ★

COOL POOL WATERS
DO NOT COOL
THESE LOVERS.
THEY HAVE MADE
THEIR CHOICE.
HOMOSEXUAL
SUMMERTIME CAPER!

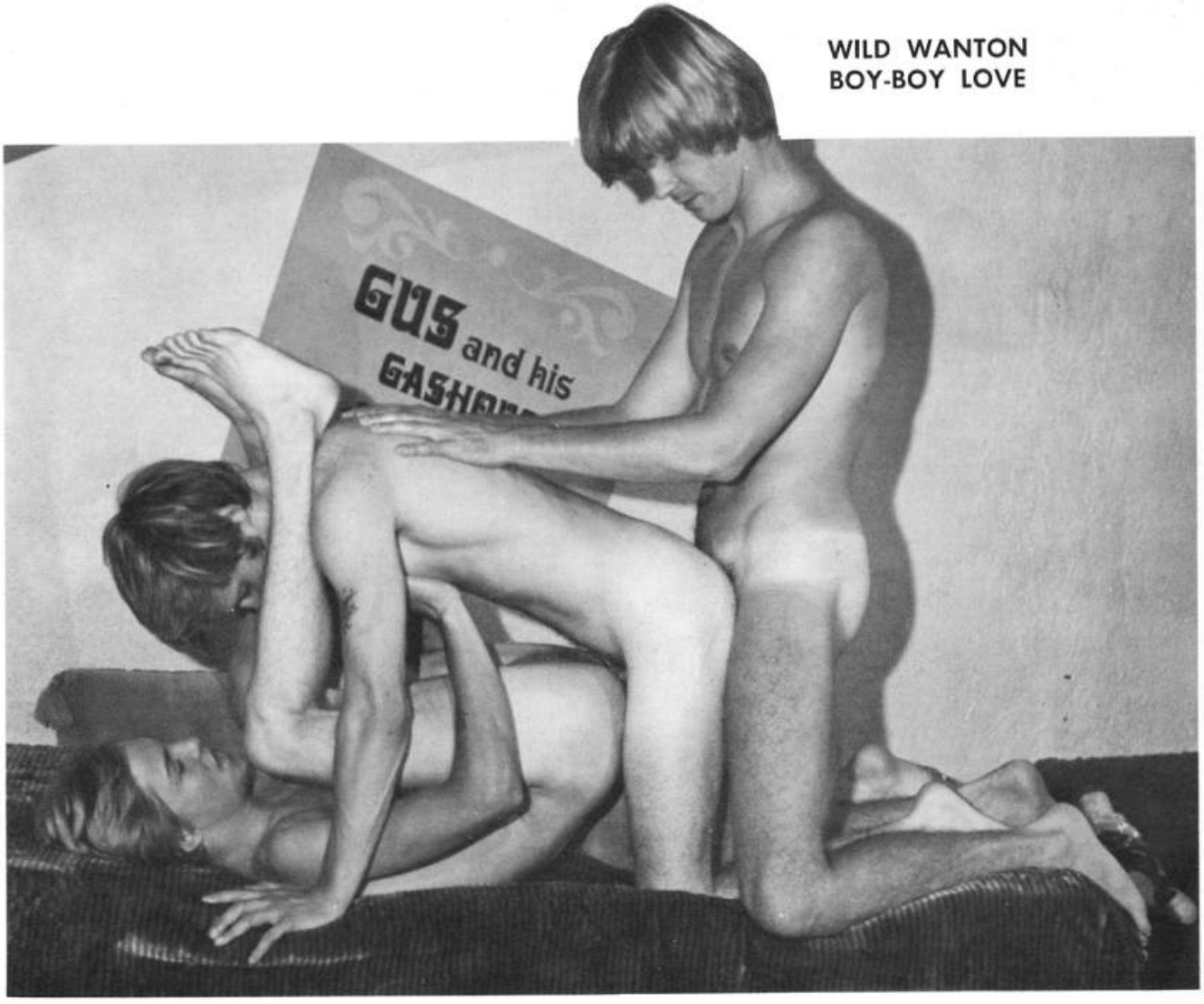
DO NOT OPEN IT

EVERYTHING IS
BEAUTIFUL WHEN
YOU'RE IN LOVE

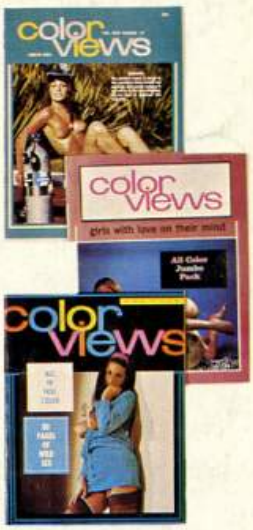
Ask
Your
Newsagent
To
Reserve
Your

HOMBRE

WILD WANTON
BOY-BOY LOVE



BUY-RITE EXCITING TITLES



ANY FOUR TITLES FOR $10.00

$3.00 TITLES

- ☐ *Lusty, Vol. 3 — No. 4*
- ☐ *Diane, No. 6*
- ☐ *Sassy, Vol. 3 — No. 4*
- ☐ *Siren, Vol. 2 — No. 5*
- ☐ *Diane, No. 5*
- ☐ *Lusty, Vol. 3 — No. 5*

$5.00 COLOR MAGAZINES
THREE FOR $12.00

- ☐ *Colorviews, No. 12*
- ☐ *Colorviews, Vol. 2 — No. 2*
- ☐ *Colorviews, Vol. 2 — No. 1*

MALE TITLES
FOUR FOR $10.00

- ☐ *Hombre V.2 No. 8*
- ☐ *Hombre V.2 #6*
- ☐ *Chico #1*
- ☐ *Hombre, Vol. 2 — No. 7*

ANY FOUR $3.50 TITLES FOR $12.00

- ☐ *Naked Mrs., No. 10*
- ☐ *Nude Vue Nudist, No. 6*
- ☐ *Bachelor's Home Jnl., No. 9*
- ☐ *Swinger's Journal, Vol. 2, — No. 9*
- ☐ *Girl Girl Lib, No. 1*
- ☐ *Approach, No. 10*
- ☐ *Photographic Artist, Vol. 2 — No. 2*
- ☐ *Offbeat, No. 7*
- ☐ *Closeup, No. 10*
- ☐ *Slick Chicks, No. 2*
- ☐ *Sex Focus, No. 3*
- ☐ *Wives Alone, No. 7*
- ☐ *Turn On, No. 9*
- ☐ *Wives Alone, No. 7*
- ☐ *Try It, No. 3*
- ☐ *Wives Alone, No. 8*

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